

THE BROOKVILLE AMERICAN.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, General and Local News, Markets, Agriculture, Education, Morality &c.—Independent on all Subjects.

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NO. 34.

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Advertisements for legal notices, or for notices of a public nature, published in the editorial column of this paper, will be charged one dollar, if over ten lines, ten cents per line. Legal advertisements must be inserted and charged to the advertiser, and the same. Candidates for office will be charged two dollars for announcements, payable in advance. Candidates for office must be inserted in the editorial column, and the same. A discount of five per cent will be made from our usual rates for cash.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WILLIAM G. QUINN, Attorney at Law, Brookville, Ind. Office three doors north of the "Old Bank." July 19, '60. [Vol. 3, No. 20, 1st.]

Marrow & Goodwin, Attorneys at Law, 200 South of the Valley House, Brookville, Ind. Jan. 1, '61.

Cornis Kluge, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Brookville, Ind. Office in his new Building, south of the Public Square. Oct. 1, '61.

W. S. Stewart, Law Office, No. 13 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo. Jan. 14, '61.

J. Cox & Wm. H. Kerr, Attorneys at Law, Office No. 3, Apple Building, corner 20th and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, O. Feb. 15, '61.

J. H. Hunter, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Notary Public, 148 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O. Feb. 15, '61.

Holland & Binkley, Attorneys at Law, Brookville, Ind. Office in Hall's Block, West of the Court House. Feb. 15, '61.

John H. Ferguson, Attorney at Law, Brookville, Ind. Office in his old office No. 1, upstairs in Commercial Building, over H. Lick's Store. Aug. 15, '61.

John W. Kelly, Notary Public, writer and taker of Acknowledgments of Deeds, Mortgages and Powers of Attorney, and does all other business which a Notary is authorized to do. Feb. 15, '61.

John W. Kelly, Notary Public, Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

John Williams, Merchant Tailor, and dealer in Ready Made Clothing, and every description of Gentlemen's Goods. Mt. Carmel, Ind. Feb. 15, '61.

Henry C. Gallison, Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and Commercial Raw, Liverpool, Eng. Aug. 15, '61.

John W. Kelly, Dealer in Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Periodicals, School Books, Bibles, Hymn Books, etc. Also, choice Patent Medicines, Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

Joseph Reynolds, Grocery and Provision Store, 100 West Family Groceries always on hand. One door south of Slaughter & Wilson's Store, Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

John H. Fulger, Manufacturer and Dealer in Stoves, Tinware, Japanned Ware, Sheet Iron Ware, &c. Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

Valley House, Geo. F. Maxwell, Proprietor, Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

Wm. Frank, Cabinet Maker. Furniture kept on hand and made to order. Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

D. John W. Kelly, Surgeon Dentist, Brookville, Ind. All work in the Dental line warranted. Office and store one door south of Deits & Miller, etc. Aug. 15, '61.

Herman Lick, Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and Commercial Raw, Liverpool, Eng. Aug. 15, '61.

M. W. Hall, Druggist, Apothecary and Pharmacist, Main street, Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

W. M. Dawson, Dealer in Watches and Jewelry, Main Street, Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

H. B. Schrieber, Brookville Marble Works, and also the Court House, Manufacturers of Tomb Stones, Monuments, Urns, Obelisks, Mantels, etc. Aug. 15, '61.

Slaughter & Williams, Dry Goods, Groceries, and Miscellaneous, Main street, Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

Jackson Loan, Grocer, and Produce Dealer; also Dealer in Iron, Hardware, Leather, &c. Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

Thos. C. Bock, Saddler and Harness Maker, over the Court House, Brookville, Ind. Aug. 15, '61.

MISCELLANEOUS AND SCHOOL BOOKS. Family and Pocket Bibles constantly on hand. JNO. W. KELLY. Feb. 15, '61.

2000 BOLTS WALL, WINDOW, AND FIRE. Board Paper, just received direct from New York, at the lowest prices and quality, and which will be sold at unusual low prices. H. C. GALLISON. Brookville, Feb. 20, 1860. Vol. 3, No. 12, 1st.

J. Chas. Artist, Ambrotypes, Melanotypes, Photographs, and all the latest improvements in the art, taken at all times. Rooms in Fudge's Block, Third Street, Brookville, Indiana. Feb. 15, '61.

S. F. AND S. F. IMPORTED CARPETS. Of the best styles, for sale hereafter. H. C. GALLISON. Brookville, Feb. 20, 1860. Vol. 3, No. 12, 1st.

A. M. Bock and Job Printing Office. Notes, A. B. C. Books, all the latest improvements in the art, taken at all times. Rooms in Fudge's Block, Third Street, Brookville, Indiana. Feb. 15, '61.

L. D. Chas. Artist, Ambrotypes, Melanotypes, Photographs, and all the latest improvements in the art, taken at all times. Rooms in Fudge's Block, Third Street, Brookville, Indiana. Feb. 15, '61.

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Echoes of the Beautiful.

AUTUMN. BY MOSES M'LELLAN.

Now in celestial robes are dressed The fair Autumnal shades; Magnificent in royal pomp, Rich with resplendent dyes; When all the blended glories, That flash the arch'd rainbow, Along the sunset heavens, In rare effulgence glow, Each form and hue of beauty, And each enchanting grace, On cloud, on stream, on forest, And mountain top I trace; In woods, the regal maple, Wear each a tulle dress, The oaks are strong with jewels, Each color'd leaf a gem. With wreaths and chaplets garlanded, The winding woodlands stand; All radiant as the gardens, In the enchanted land; Waving all its fluttering banners, Fair the landscape seems, Fair as that celestial country In the fairy-land of dreams. Drooping from laden orchards, Stain with ripen'd wealth the ground; All the woods around are vocal; With the children's joyous sound; Reapers in the harvest fields, Bind the rustling sheaves of grain; And the golden Indian corn Reaps the loaded vain. Now the elder-berries nearer, Fourish in a constant tide, Now the purple grapes are gathered, By the rushing river's side, From the dusty threshing floor, Sounds loud the busy fall, And the moonlight nights are joyous With the dance and tale.

O, merry Autumn with thy dyes So gloriously bright! Thy rosy dews, thy dewy eyes, Thy harvest moon at night! Methinks in all the varied year, There's no such happy time, As when the gay autumnal days Are in their prime.

Selected Miscellany.

THE MOUNTAIN OF TWO LOVERS. BY LEIGH HUNT.

We forgot in what look it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to visit his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the utmost, must have been among the low-est. Let us fancy it a good, lofty hill, in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud nobleman, thought it impossible for his young man, so burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him to do it, and his daughter should be his.

The penitency assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another and shook their heads; but all admired the young man, and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father, on horseback, apart and sullen, repented that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of a hazard, but he thought that it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectfully looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win a mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering what he was to carry. He died for it he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face.

To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers, for none other know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality and ennobles and makes graceful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, drowsy and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect, the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the charge, and she knew not what she felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task, she dared not look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes on the crowd; (which, nevertheless, she beheld not), and, now, on her hand and her fingers' end, which she doubled up toward her with a pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of Lord Baron, kissed the hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, put an end to this mummery." The lover turned pale for the first time, and took up the lady. The spectators rejoiced to see the man, in which he moved off, slow but secure, as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant, before he gets midway, and seems to refuse something; then he ascends at a quicker rate, and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The

baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them the air of rebuke. At the about the lover resumed his way. Slow, but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The woman began to tremble, but the man says he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers, but does not fall; another shout from the men, and he resumes once more, two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses his forehead and eyes.

The women burst into tears, and stoutest men look pale. He ascended slower than ever, but seems to be more sure, he halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again, and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him; he stops, he struggles, and moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time very close to the other. Now he is all but on the top; he halts again, he is fixed, he staggers, a groan goes through the multitude; suddenly he turns full from toward the top; it is luckily almost level, he staggers, but it is forward. Every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if to assist him; see, at last, he is on the top, and down he falls with his burden. An enormous shout—he has won! he has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them got up.

If he has fainted, it is with joy and in her arms. The baron puts up to his horse, the crowd following them; half-way up he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top; the lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on his back. "Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practiced this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir!" said a worthy man who was close enough to speak his mind; "Champion himself might take his rest after such a deed!" "Part them," said the baron.

"Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they need down and bend an ear; they hear their faces on them. 'God forbid they should ever be parted more,' said a venerable man, 'they can never be.' He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked at the baron, 'SIR, THEY ARE DEAD!'"

"Negro Equality." The Democracy are pretty much bankrupt for arguments, but they have one last resource when everything else fails: everlasting "negro equality." Of course there will be no "negro equality" where there are no "niggers," and as the Republican party propose to save the Territories for free white men, while the Democracy leave a way open for their introduction, it is difficult to see how the slang phrase here quoted applies to any other party than themselves. But there are a few facts in this connection which have a more special significance, as fixing upon the Democratic party the responsibility of all the negro equality which prevails in the United States.

In the State of Maine the negro is a citizen. The State of Maine, at the time when the laws were enacted conferring citizenship upon the negro, was overwhelmingly Democratic, and the Democratic party enacted by law that negroes should be citizens.

In the State of New Hampshire negroes are citizens. The State of New Hampshire, at the time when the right of citizenship was conferred upon colored persons, was overwhelmingly Democratic, and the Democratic party enacted the laws which gave them the right of suffrage.

In the State of Massachusetts negroes are citizens. The rights of citizenship and of the elective franchise were conferred upon them by the Democratic party of that State at the only time when they ever held the reins of government there!

In the State of New York all colored persons who own \$250 worth of property are allowed to vote. The Constitutional Convention which conferred this privilege upon them was largely Democratic—was presided over by Martin Van Buren, then the Democratic leader of the State—and the same Martin Van Buren was afterwards elected President of the United States by the Democratic party of the nation! And at the same time Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, who had married a colored woman, on the most approved principles of amalgamation, was nominated for Vice President by a National Democratic Convention, and elected to that high office by Democratic votes!

In the State of Ohio persons of one-half negro blood are allowed to vote. At the time this privilege was conferred upon them the Democratic party were in power, and they framed the Constitution which extended the right of suffrage to persons of color.

Some years ago the Legislature of Wisconsin provided for a popular vote on the question of allowing negroes to vote at all elections, the same as white people. At this time the Democratic party were largely in the majority in Wisconsin, and they are responsible for the attempt to establish negro equality in that State!

Now, let us see what the Republican party has done in the way of negro equality. Will any gentleman Democrat put his finger on the act which

couples them with that doctrine? It is most true that the Republican party are opposed to the enslavement of any who bear the Divine image and likeness. It is equally true that no man can be a good Democrat in these days, unless the first article in his creed is, that he "don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down." But here are five States admitting negro equality into their laws and constitutions, and a sixth where they attempted to do so, though the people failed to ratify the proposition—and all done by the Democratic party. And not only so, but the Democracy elevated to the Presidency one of the champions of the doctrine, and to the Vice Presidency a man who was actually married to a colored woman, and who, in the event of the President's death, would have been mistress of the White House! Quite likely she would have had grace to the Presidential levees. Quite likely she would have received the foreign Ambassadors with dignity and suavity; we have always heard her spoken of as an accomplished lady. But O, what a comment on the Democracy and negro equality!—Chicago Tribune.

THE MOBILE REGISTER is responsible for the following mirth-provoking incident:

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil of Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom an support for himself and wife. He is childless. Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the center of which was a well, twenty or thirty feet deep, that at some time probably had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot, an ill wind lifted Jake's "tile" from his head, and maliciously waited it to the edge of the well, and it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost tile. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope he had brought for the purpose of capturing the runaway cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast one end of the rope to a stump, and was about to step on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious, that the old well, which had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well. The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's head to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the horse, unbuckled the belt-strap and approached with slow, measured "ting-a-ling" the edge of the well.

"G-d dang that old blind horse!" said Jake, "he's a-comin' this way sure, and ain't got no more sense than to fall in here. Whoa, Ball!" But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that Ball would not stop. Besides, Jake was at the bottom, resting, before trying to "shin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem," said he, "the old cuss will be a-top of me before I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa! G-d dang you, Ned!" Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling upon his knees at the bottom; "I'm gone, now—whoa. Now I lay me down to sleep—w-h-o-a, Ball-I pray the Lord my soul to—whoa, now. Oh! Lord, have mercy on me." Ned could hold no longer, and fearing Jake might suffer from fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels from that well. Maybe Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order, and you might think he didn't try every night for two weeks to get a shot with his rifle at Ned. Maybe not. I don't know. But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get.

Genuine Popular Sovereignty. I say that we must not interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists, because the Constitution forbids it, and the general welfare does not require us to do so. We must not withhold an efficient Fugitive Slave law, because the Constitution requires us, as understanding it, not to withhold the Constitution nor the general welfare we must prevent each of these things being done by either Congress or Courts. The people of these United States are rightful masters of both Congress and Courts—not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution. —Lincoln's Cincinnati Speech, Sept. 1859.

\$500 REWARD.—The publisher of the New York American Agriculturalist will pay a reward of \$500 to any person who will prove, by clear, unimpeachable experiment, to the satisfaction of intelligent and disinterested parties, that chess can be pronounced from wheat. No other conditions are made than simply that the experiments shall be so conducted that there can be no mistake about the transmission. This is a reward worth competing for.

Did Dad Struck Me.

In a neighborhood on the creek lived and labored a son of Vulcan, who, with his limited means, had barely enough to secure a small piece of land and to obtain a scanty living for his rising family. The idea of his children had been taught to shoot but very little in any direction towards knowledge and refinement, and he little expected to be anything more than the village blacksmith. But when the oil fever broke out, learning of the success of his neighbors in finding oil, he thought that he might while away his spare time in drilling a hole upon his own homestead lot; and, having tools convenient, he went to work, and after a few weeks of patient industry, was successful in obtaining a good show of oil. It was soon noised about the village, and the blacksmith was somebody at once. He had a daughter also, who had blossomed into maidhood almost unknown and unnoticed, but now became more an object to the young men in that small community. It became a question how to break the ice of former indifference, and to secure a favorable acquaintance with the heiress of the oil well. For awhile the natural timidity of the boys kept them aloof, but at last one of the boldest and best favored among them determined to try his luck, marshaled resolutely forward and offered to escort the damsel home. Imagine his chagrin when she, turning upon him a look of lofty independence that would have done honor to a Broadway belle, replied in language more severe than chaste—"Nonsense! you can't come that! Dad has struck me!"—Penn. Paper.

How completely does the above anecdote exemplify American human nature! We have no aristocracy of rank and birth. Those who are at the bottom of the pile of society of one generation may become the top sticks of the heap of the next. Wealth makes all that difference with us, which birth and rank do in Europe. "Dad has struck me!" has a wonderful effect on the estimation of others, or on the value we attach to ourselves.

When we see the daughters of a couple that have worked hard through life and eaten the bread of carefulness, throwing on the piano or sweeping the sidewalks with their expensive silks, we think at once that they are showing the public that "Dad has struck me!"

When we see a young woman flirting in the streets with all the idle young men, while her mother sits at home mending her stockings for her, it is very evident that she thinks "Dad has struck me!"

When we see a young man vamping around, with a cigar in his mouth, driving fast horses instead of being at work, we know that they feel that "Dad has struck me!"

The Last Hours of La Fayette. No life had ever been more passionately political than his, no man had ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other prepossessions or interests. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. Ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour. His children and household surrounded his bed; he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could see. His son George observed that with uncertain gesture he sought for something in his bosom. He came to his father's assistants, and placed in his hand a medal which he always wore around his neck. M. de La Fayette raised it to his lips; this was his last motion. That medal contained a miniature and a lock of hair of Madame de La Fayette. His wife, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus already separated from the entire world, alone with the thoughts and image of the devoted companion of his life, he died. In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact in the family that M. de La Fayette had always wished to be buried in a small cemetery adjoining the Convent of Picpus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of victims of the Revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guards and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of the Convent of Picpus, the crowd halted; the interior enclosure could only admit two or three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passed through the Convent in silence, then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There no political manifestation took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present, public politics assumed no place near the death bed or grave of the man whose life they had occupied and ruled. —Guizot's Memoirs.

Garibaldi Painted by a Young Lady. A young lady, writing as enthusiastically as young ladies generally do, portrays Garibaldi as "a dear old weather-beaten angel." We don't know if angels care much about the weather, but knowing they are always living in the open air, and are not generally represented as having much clothing about them, though on the other hand it is agreeable to picture Garibaldi as an angel—an avenging angel for the long endured wrongs of Italy—the angel of deliverance to the long-suffering martyrs of Naples. However, granting (and to a young lady we are always ready to grant everything) that Garibaldi is a "weather-beaten angel," it is a comfort to know that as yet he has never been beaten by anything else.

Southern Men for Lincoln's Cabinet.

Occasional correspondence of the Philadelphia Press says: The names of Southern men willing to take place in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet are freely canvassed. Among the rest are those of Edward Stanley, now of California, but formerly of North Carolina; Kenneth Hayner and the veteran John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina; T. A. R. Nelson and Emerson Eubank, of Tennessee; and Gen. Sam. Houston, of Texas. When the election of Mr. Lincoln is an accomplished fact, nothing will prevent the President elect from finding an abundance of material from which to select in the South; but the declaration in advance, that he intends to make the territory now, or hereafter to be owned by the United States, free territory, by prohibiting Southern men from emigrating to it with their slaves. The safe and only ground for Mr. Lincoln, in the event of his election, to take, is that of non-intervention. This principle was destroyed in the Territories by the intervention of Buchanan against the popular will, and by the appointment of judicial and other officers bound to assist the pro-slavery leaders in packing the ballot boxes and in cheating public opinion. Let Mr. Lincoln propose any formal declaration of his purpose to prohibit Southern men from emigrating with their slaves and then select such agents as will co-operate in securing a fair vote to the people of the Territories, and the subject will be forever removed from the public councils.

The Old Game Revived.

The effort, which the Democrats are now making, to create a panic in the event of the election of Lincoln, is no new device. It is a game which they played successfully sixteen years ago with Henry Clay, and if an examination were made we have no doubt that its origin could be traced to a much earlier date. When Mr. Clay was last running for the Presidency, the Democracy of Louisiana issued an address, which has been dug out of the musty records of the past by the Pittsburgh Gazette, on the eve of the election, in which the following language was used: "If Mr. Clay is elected we can find our arms and say all is lost, all is gone, irretrievably gone. A few facts submitted to the people would prove this. Let them hear in mind that Mr. Clay is the great friend and defender of England, and of English hellish designs. England has proclaimed to the world her positive and settled determination never to rest satisfied, cost what it may, until she shall have liberated the very last of our slaves. In accordance with this intention, she has brought ruin, death and desolation on the West Indies; she has been the cause of oceans of blood being shed. Now, how is she endeavoring to reach her aim on our southern institutions? In various and many ways. Among us she for her allies the abolitionists of the north and the opponents of the Texas treaty of annexation, Mr. Clay at their head."

The Fusion Movement in Ohio. The Cincinnati Times (American) thus comments on the fusion dodge of the Enquirer: This fusion movement is a sharp dodge of the friends of Stephen A. Douglas. It is a shrewd measure to save the sinking fortunes of the Illinois Senator, and like everything heretofore connected with the Douglas movement, breathes death and destruction to all who participate in it. "The end justifies the means," was the cry that kept life in the Douglas party at Baltimore, and all the organs of the once "grand old party" trampled in the dust, the old party into confusion, the party distracted and woefully divided, that Mr. Douglas might be placed before the people as a Presidential candidate. Once before the people he outraged the people, he outraged the dignity of the position by taking the stamp in his own behalf, confident that such a course would add to the strength of his cause. But the reverse has been the result. It has become more evident, day after day, that Douglas' great popularity in the North is more moonshine than real; and that if the Douglas movement is left to stand upon its own merits, it is probable that this roving candidate for the Presidency will not have one electoral vote to back his immense pretensions. Hence the fusion movement, by which it is sought to make the supporters of Bell and Everett the backers of Stephen A. Douglas.

ARE YOU A DEMOCRAT?—Well, let us tell you a bit of a story. We call no names, further than to say the item is clipped from the fronton Register. The other day, an old Democrat, who has always stuck to his party, through good report and evil report, said: "I've always been a Democrat, and am about tired of it. I don't believe the Democratic party stands where it did ten years ago, and I'm going to vote for Old Abe."

"Vote for the nigger party?" said a Douglas Democrat. "Well," replied the other, "I voted for Pierce when there was no nigger excitement; all quiet; and after he got in it was all nigger. I voted for old Buck, and it has been nigger, NIGGER, NIGGER, all the time, and now I'll try a change. I'll give the Republicans a turn, anyhow. It can't be any more nigger than it has been, and it may be a great deal less."

A western paper calls John C. Breckinridge Jack, the Giant Killer.

Certainty and Uncertainty.

The Republican is the only party that has any chance or hope of electing its candidate for President by the popular vote. The Republican is the only party which does not seek to disorganize the Government, and keep the country all winter in a turmoil, by throwing the election into the House of Representatives.

The Republican is the only party which has a distinct Platform, understood and upheld in precisely the same sense in all sections of the Union. The Republican is the only party which has not made bargains and coalitions to cheat the people with doubled-faced tickets, and Electors representing diametrically opposite principles.

The Republican is the only party whose Electors are certain to vote for its candidates under any and all circumstances. The Republican is the only party that tolerates no disunionists in its ranks, North or South, and all of whose members promise implicit deference to the will of the majority, constitutionally expressed.

In short, the Republican party is the only one that takes a straightforward course in this canvass—that does not seek to deceive or to intimidate the people. Those who vote its ticket know precisely who and what they are voting for, and there is no other in the field of which the same can be said.

Why no Man in Indiana Should Vote for Douglas.

1. He repealed the Missouri Compromise. 2. His popular sovereignty is a mere catch word, that has nothing practically good in it—it gives no real sovereignty—it is a mere cheat—it works badly in practice—it has brought bloodshed to Kansas, polygamy to Utah, white slavery to New Mexico, and universal turmoil and agitation to the country. 3. He is aspiring, ambitious and reckless, and by no means the man to be trusted with the helm of State in such a storm as this. 4. There is no change of his election. He cannot carry a single State south of the Ohio. He will certainly be defeated, and cannot even go as one of the three highest into the House.

Even if he could get into the House he could not carry more than two States there. Why should any patriot endanger the country in a squabble to elect by the House, merely for the pleasure of throwing a vote away on Mr. Douglas. —Greensburg Republican.

How to Keep Potatoes.

More potatoes are spoiled through sweating than freezing. I never lose any, but save them thus: I raise the place six inches where I want the pit or hole, heating it with the embers. I throw the potatoes on, shaping like a pyramid, and cover thickly with straight clean straw. I then commence at the bottom, throwing on the earth and tramping it hard with my foot; one foot thick is plenty. When within a foot of the top, I make a hole in the straw with my hand, and put in a small funnel, one foot long and three inches square. Close the straw tightly around the funnel, and cover closely with earth, clapping the whole solid with the spade. Let the funnel remain two weeks, (cover it with a small board in case of rain), then take out the potatoes, wash them in straw; cover with earth, place a green sod on the top, get four small forked stakes around the heap, cover with boards to keep off rain, and I will insure your potatoes. —American Agriculturalist.

THE PROSPECT AT THE SOUTH.—It now bears that Delaware, North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, and Missouri, have all voted for Douglas. Such a result in the Southern States.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, as the Bell-Everett paper, recommends, as the only chance of defeating Lincoln, the instant withdrawal of Douglas and Breckinridge. On the other hand, the Breckinridge paper, South, urge that the only hope of success of the Democracy is the withdrawal of both Douglas and Bell. The Douglasites, in utter despair, cry fusion, and echo answers confusion.

THE PRINCE OF WALES VISIT INDUCED BY SENATOR STEWARD.—The New York Post says that it is not generally known that to Senator Steward, more than to any one else, probably, does Lord Renfrew owe whatever pleasure he has received from his visit to this country, for it was mainly at his suggestion and under his advice as to its general method of prosecution, that the Queen's Government was induced to make the experiment, which has proved so gratifying to both nations, and which promises such important results.

A good way to heat water for scalding hogs is to use a piece of heated cast-iron. A small fire built on the ground, of refuse wood, is sufficient to heat an iron of 25 lbs. twice, much quicker than the water could be heated in a kettle, and after the water is once made hot and used, it may be made